IN 4 ISSUES, IT'S ALL OVER!
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LOCKE & KEY

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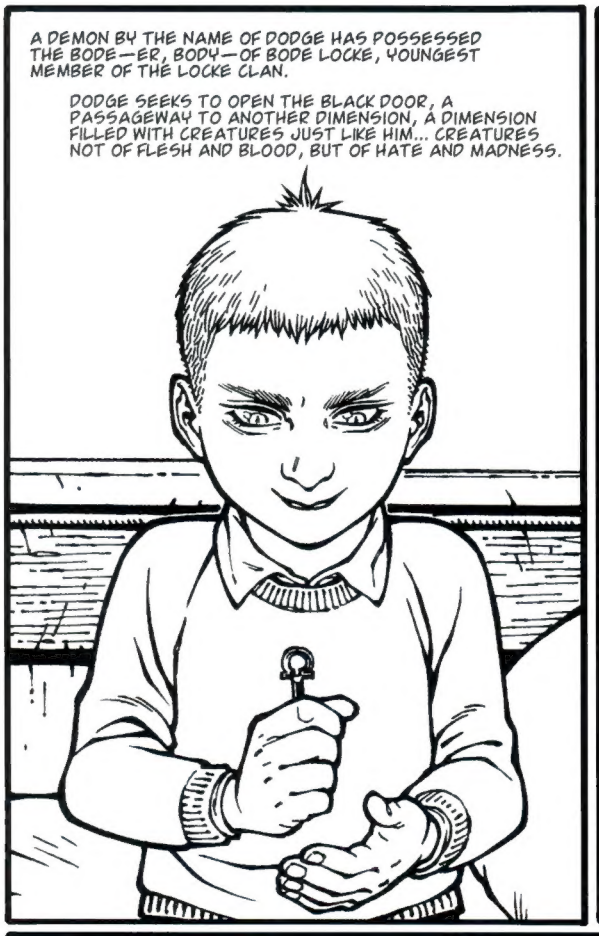
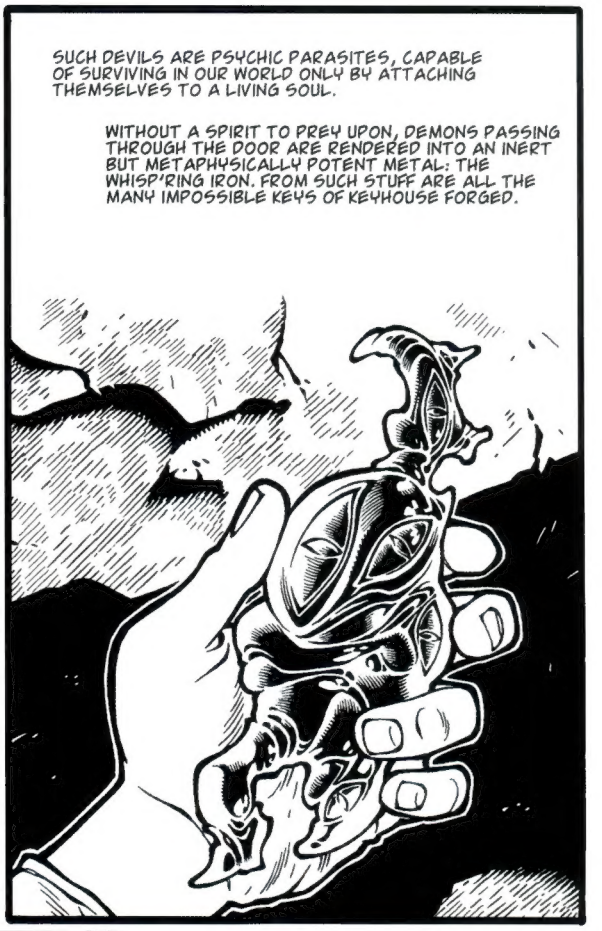
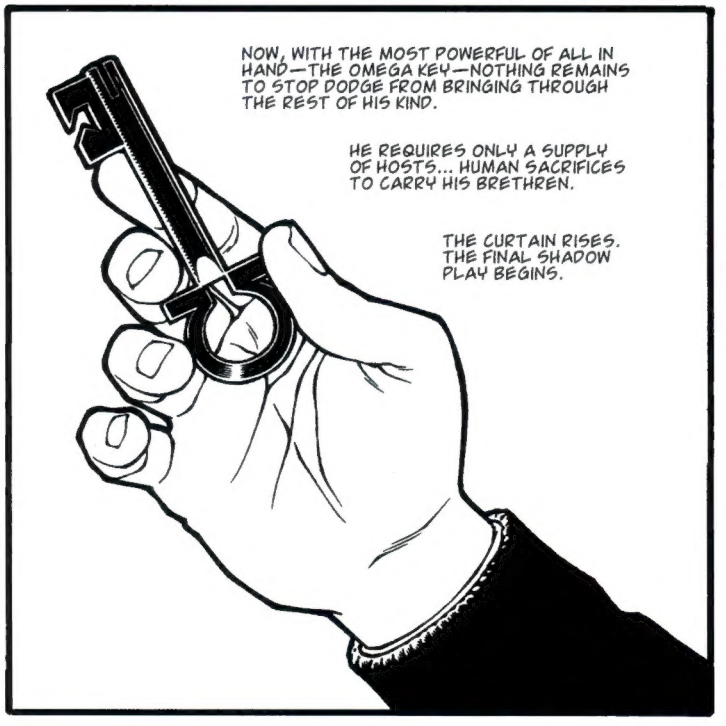

A DEMON BY THE NAME OF DODGE HAS POSSESSED THE BODE—ER, BODY—OF BODE LOCKE, YOUNGEST MEMBER OF THE LOCKE CLAN.
DODGE SEEKS TO OPEN THE BLACK DOOR, A PASSAGEWAY TO ANOTHER DIMENSION, A DIMENSION FILLED WITH CREATURES JUST LIKE HIM... CREATURES NOT OF FLESH AND BLOOD, BUT OF HATE AND MADNESS.


SUCH DEVILS ARE PSYCHIC PARASITES, CAPABLE OF SURVIVING IN OUR WORLD ONLY BY ATTACHING THEMSELVES TO A LIVING SOUL.
WITHOUT A SPIRIT TO PREY UPON, DEMONS PASSING THROUGH THE DOOR ARE RENDERED INTO AN INERT BUT METAPHYSICALLY POTENT METAL: THE WHISP'RING IRON. FROM SUCH STUFF ARE ALL THE MANY IMPOSSIBLE KEYS OF KEYHOUSE FORGED.


NOW, WITH THE MOST POWERFUL OF ALL IN HAND—THE OMEGA KEY—NOTHING REMAINS TO STOP DODGE FROM BRINGING THROUGH THE REST OF HIS KIND.
HE REQUIRES ONLY A SUPPLY OF HOSTS... HUMAN SACRIFICES TO CARRY HIS BRETHREN.
THE CURTAIN RISES. THE FINAL SHADOW PLAY BEGINS.

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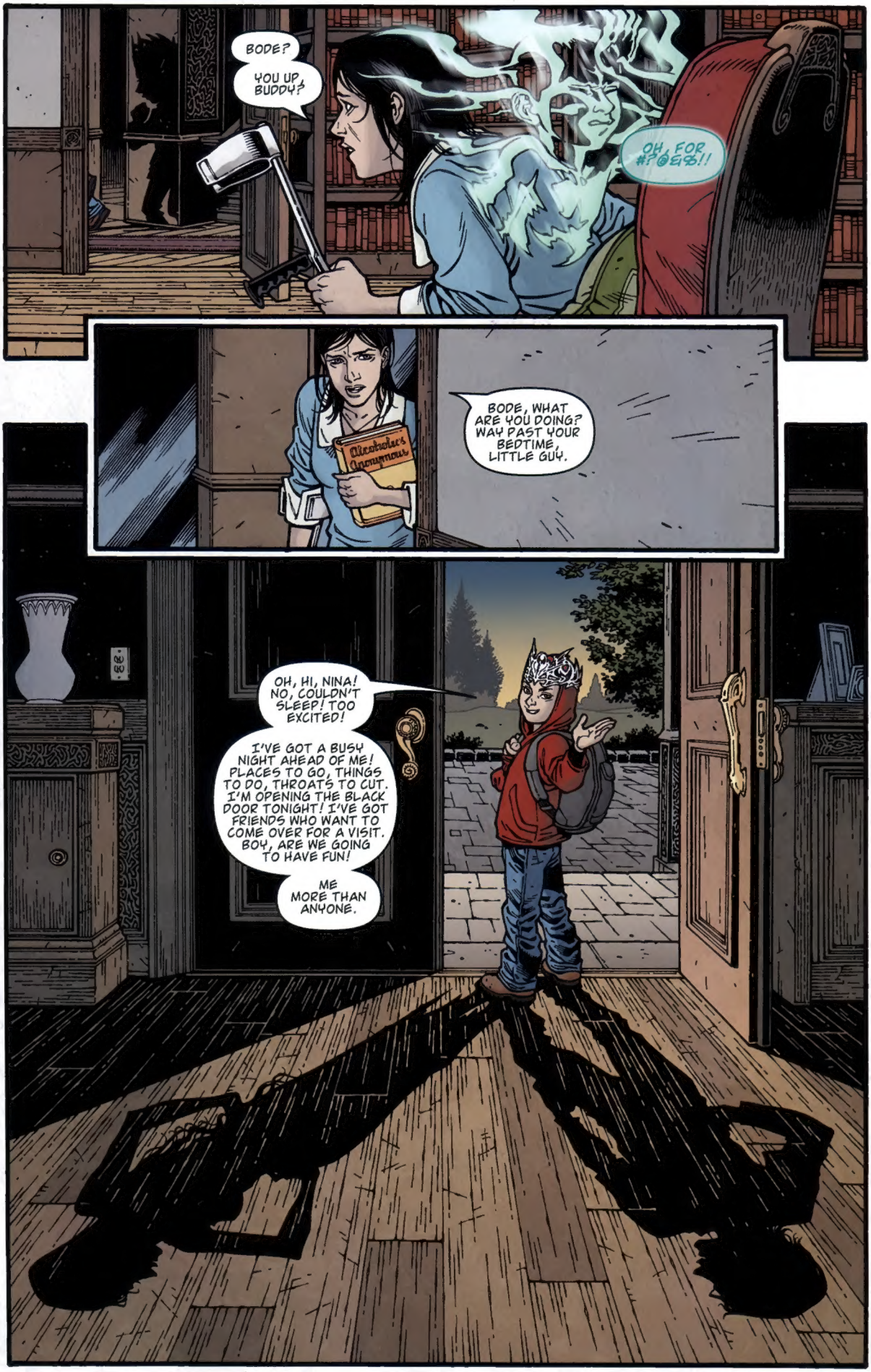
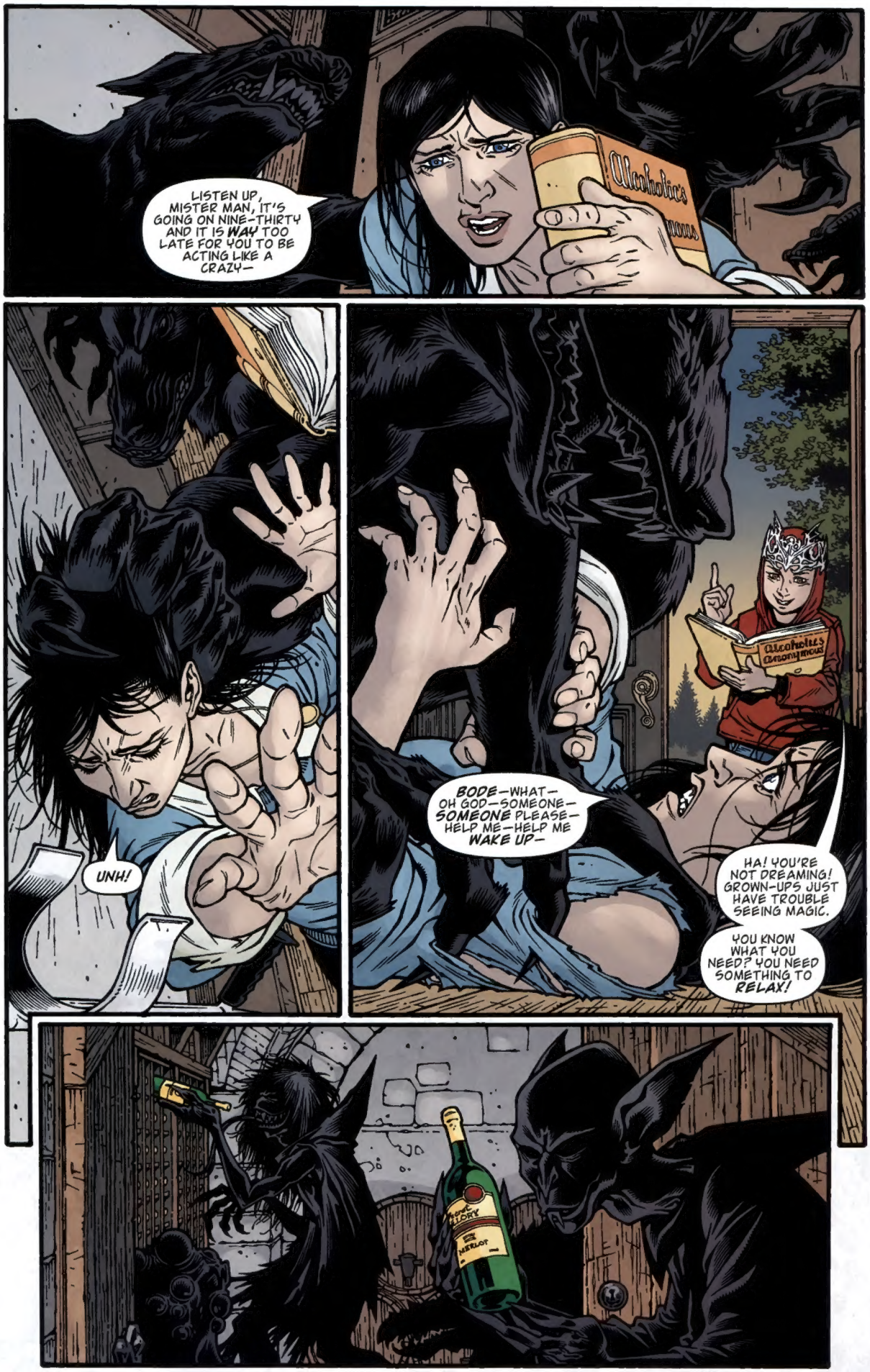
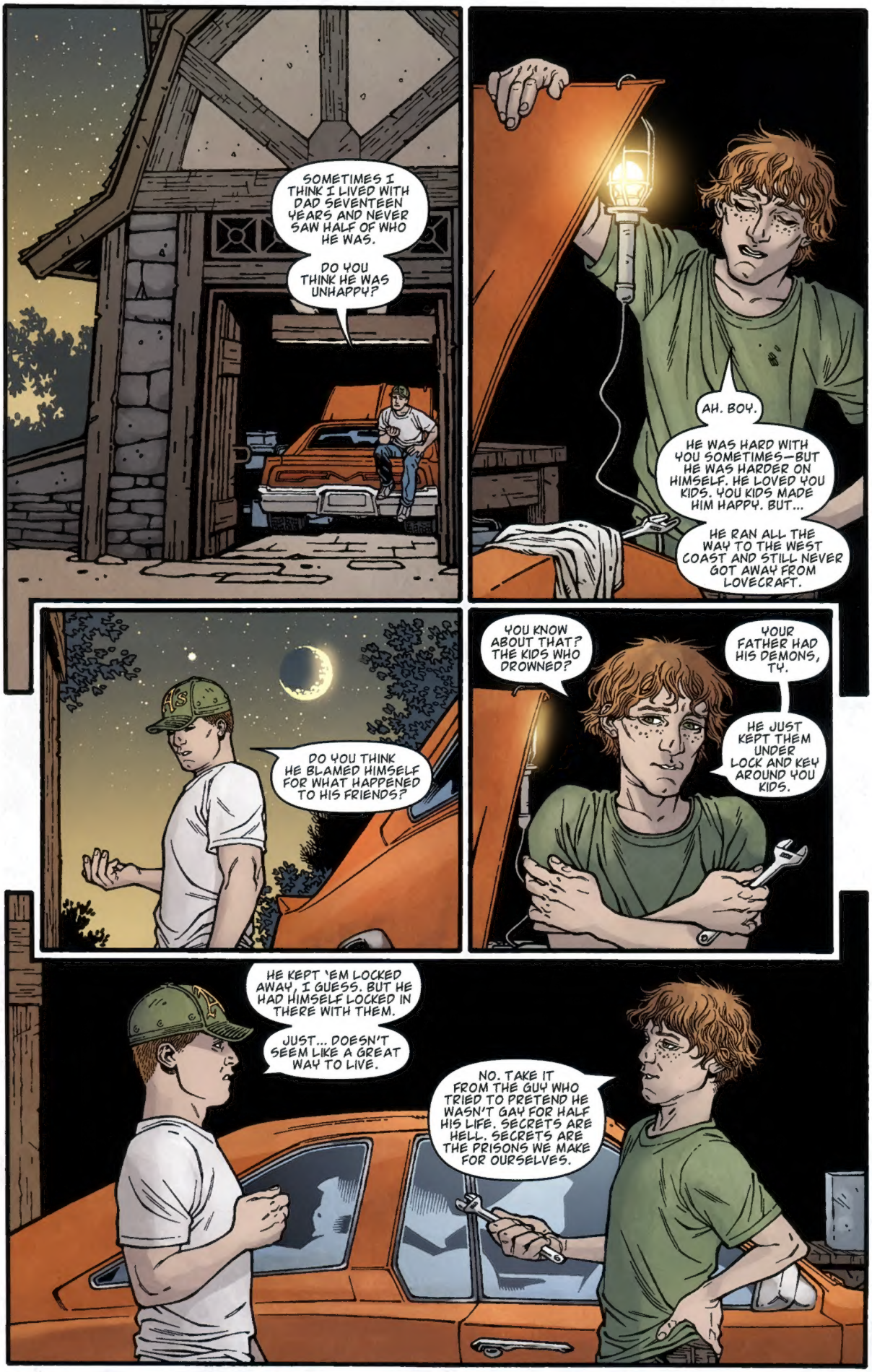
MOM.
Alcoholic's Anonymous
I NEED YOU TO SEE ME. TO FEEL ME HERE.
Alcoholic's Anonymous
SOMETIMES I THINK—WHEN YOU'RE DRIFTING OFF TO SLEEP—YOU CAN ALMOST HEAR MY VOICE. LISTEN, MOM. I'M RIGHT HERE. PLEASE. PLEASE.
HUNH?
BODE? BODE, IS THAT YOU?
OH MOM OH MOM OH YOU CAN SEE ME OH OH OH—

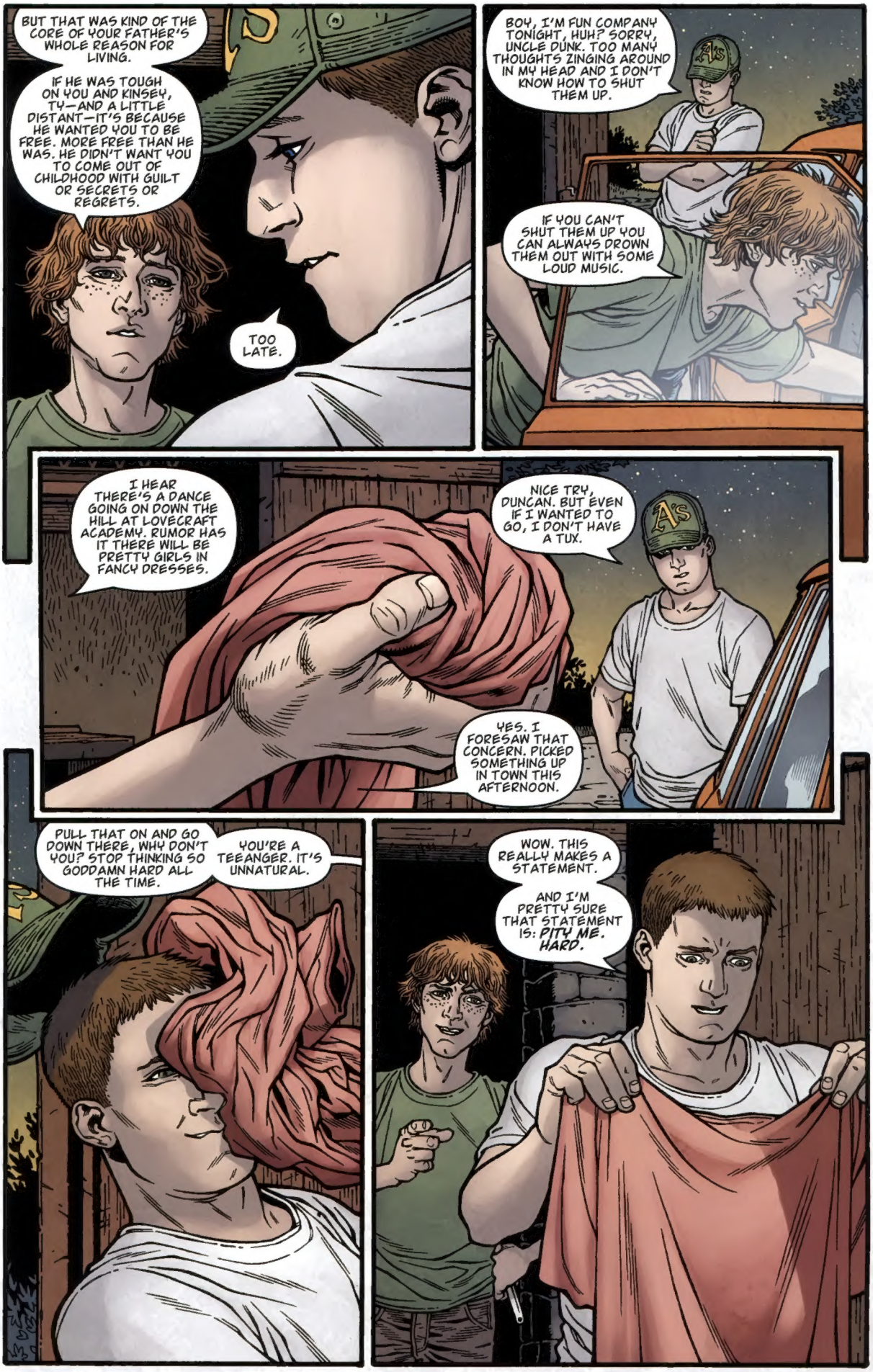

BODE?
YOU UP, BUDDY?
OH, FOR #?@€$!!
Alcoholics Anonymous
BODE, WHAT ARE YOU DOING? WAY PAST YOUR BEDTIME, LITTLE GUY.
OH, HI, NINA! NO, COULDN'T SLEEP! TOO EXCITED!
I'VE GOT A BUSY NIGHT AHEAD OF ME! PLACES TO GO, THINGS TO DO, THROATS TO CUT. I'M OPENING THE BLACK DOOR TONIGHT! I'VE GOT FRIENDS WHO WANT TO COME OVER FOR A VISIT. BOY, ARE WE GOING TO HAVE FUN!
ME MORE THAN ANYONE.


LISTEN UP, MISTER MAN, IT'S GOING ON NINE-THIRTY AND IT IS WAY TOO LATE FOR YOU TO BE ACTING LIKE A CRAZY—
Alcoholics Anonymous
UNH!
BODE—WHAT—OH GOD—SOMEONE—SOMEONE PLEASE—HELP ME—HELP ME WAKE UP—
Alcoholics Anonymous
HA! YOU'RE NOT DREAMING! GROWN-UPS JUST HAVE TROUBLE SEEING MAGIC.
YOU KNOW WHAT YOU NEED? YOU NEED SOMETHING TO RELAX!
MERLOT

BODE—I DON'T UNDERSTAND THIS—I'M—I'M SCARED—PLEASE—PLEASE—AKK—MY THROAT—
YOUR THROAT'S BOTHERING YOU? LET'S GET SOMETHING TO WET YOUR WHISTLE!
WHA—NNNNOUNNK! BODEEEUGK! GKK!
AGGGGK! NN!
JEEZ, GUYS! WE'RE GOING TO NEED MORE THAN ONE BOTTLE! NINA LOCKE CAN REALLY POUND IT DOWN!
GET SOME OF THE STRONG STUFF! THAT'S WHAT SHE WANTS... SOMETHING STRONG ENOUGH TO PEEL THE PAINT OFF THE WALLS!

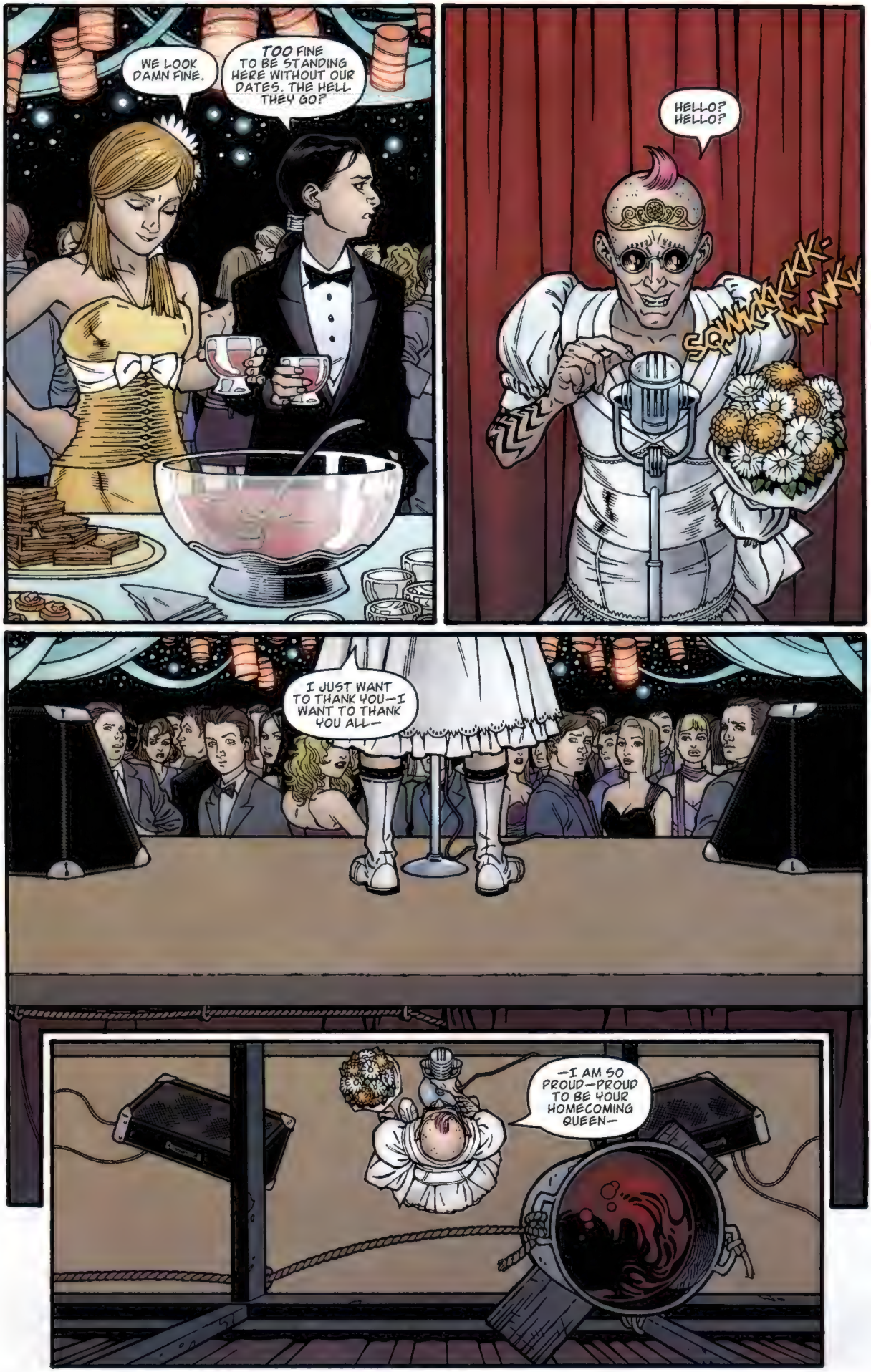
HELLO, UGLY.
THAT'S HISTORY IN A NUTSHELL. A SHINY PAINT JOB OVER A CAST-IRON NIGHTMARE.
YOU TALKING TO ME, TYLER?
NO. TALKING TO MYSELF. NEVER MIND.
THAT'S PROGRESS. AT LEAST YOU'RE FINALLY TALKING TO SOMEONE.
WHAT'S THE SUBJECT OF CONVERSATION?
DAD.


SOMETIMES I THINK I LIVED WITH DAD SEVENTEEN YEARS AND NEVER SAW HALF OF WHO HE WAS.
DO YOU THINK HE WAS UNHAPPY?
AH. BOY.
HE WAS HARD WITH YOU SOMETIMES—BUT HE WAS HARDER ON HIMSELF. HE LOVED YOU KIDS. YOU KIDS MADE HIM HAPPY. BUT...
HE RAN ALL THE WAY TO THE WEST COAST AND STILL NEVER GOT AWAY FROM LOVECRAFT.
DO YOU THINK HE BLAMED HIMSELF FOR WHAT HAPPENED TO HIS FRIENDS?
YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT? THE KIDS WHO DROWNED?
YOUR FATHER HAD HIS DEMONS, TY.
HE JUST KEPT THEM UNDER LOCK AND KEY AROUND YOU KIDS.
HE KEPT 'EM LOCKED AWAY, I GUESS. BUT HE HAD HIMSELF LOCKED IN THERE WITH THEM.
JUST... DOESN'T SEEM LIKE A GREAT WAY TO LIVE.
NO. TAKE IT FROM THE GUY WHO TRIED TO PRETEND HE WASN'T GAY FOR HALF HIS LIFE. SECRETS ARE HELL. SECRETS ARE THE PRISONS WE MAKE FOR OURSELVES.

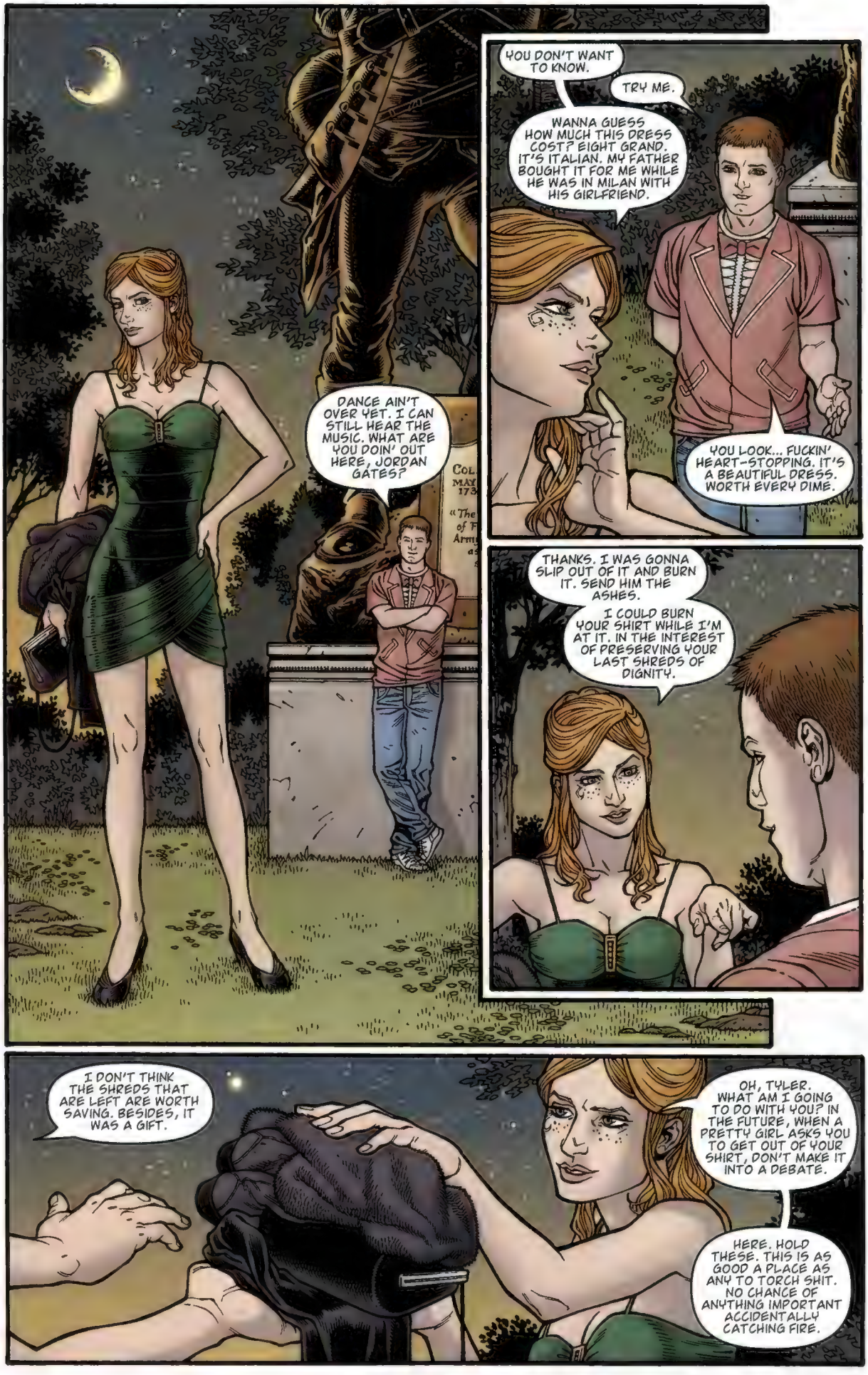

BUT THAT WAS KIND OF THE CORE OF YOUR FATHER'S WHOLE REASON FOR LIVING.
IF HE WAS TOUGH ON YOU AND KINSEY, TY—AND A LITTLE DISTANT—IT'S BECAUSE HE WANTED YOU TO BE FREE. MORE FREE THAN HE WAS. HE DIDN'T WANT YOU TO COME OUT OF CHILDHOOD WITH GUILT OR SECRETS OR REGRETS.
TOO LATE.
BOY, I'M FUN COMPANY TONIGHT, HUH? SORRY, UNCLE DUNK. TOO MANY THOUGHTS ZINGING AROUND IN MY HEAD AND I DON'T KNOW HOW TO SHUT THEM UP.
IF YOU CAN'T SHUT THEM UP YOU CAN ALWAYS DROWN THEM OUT WITH SOME LOUD MUSIC.
I HEAR THERE'S A DANCE GOING ON DOWN THE HILL AT LOVECRAFT ACADEMY. RUMOR HAS IT THERE WILL BE PRETTY GIRLS IN FANCY DRESSES.
NICE TRY, DUNCAN. BUT EVEN IF I WANTED TO GO, I DON'T HAVE A TUX.
YES. I FORESAW THAT CONCERN. PICKED SOMETHING UP IN TOWN THIS AFTERNOON.
PULL THAT ON AND GO DOWN THERE, WHY DON'T YOU? STOP THINKING SO GODDAMN HARD ALL THE TIME.
YOU'RE A TEEANGER. IT'S UNNATURAL.
WOW. THIS REALLY MAKES A STATEMENT.
AND I'M PRETTY SURE THAT STATEMENT IS: *PITY ME. HARD.*

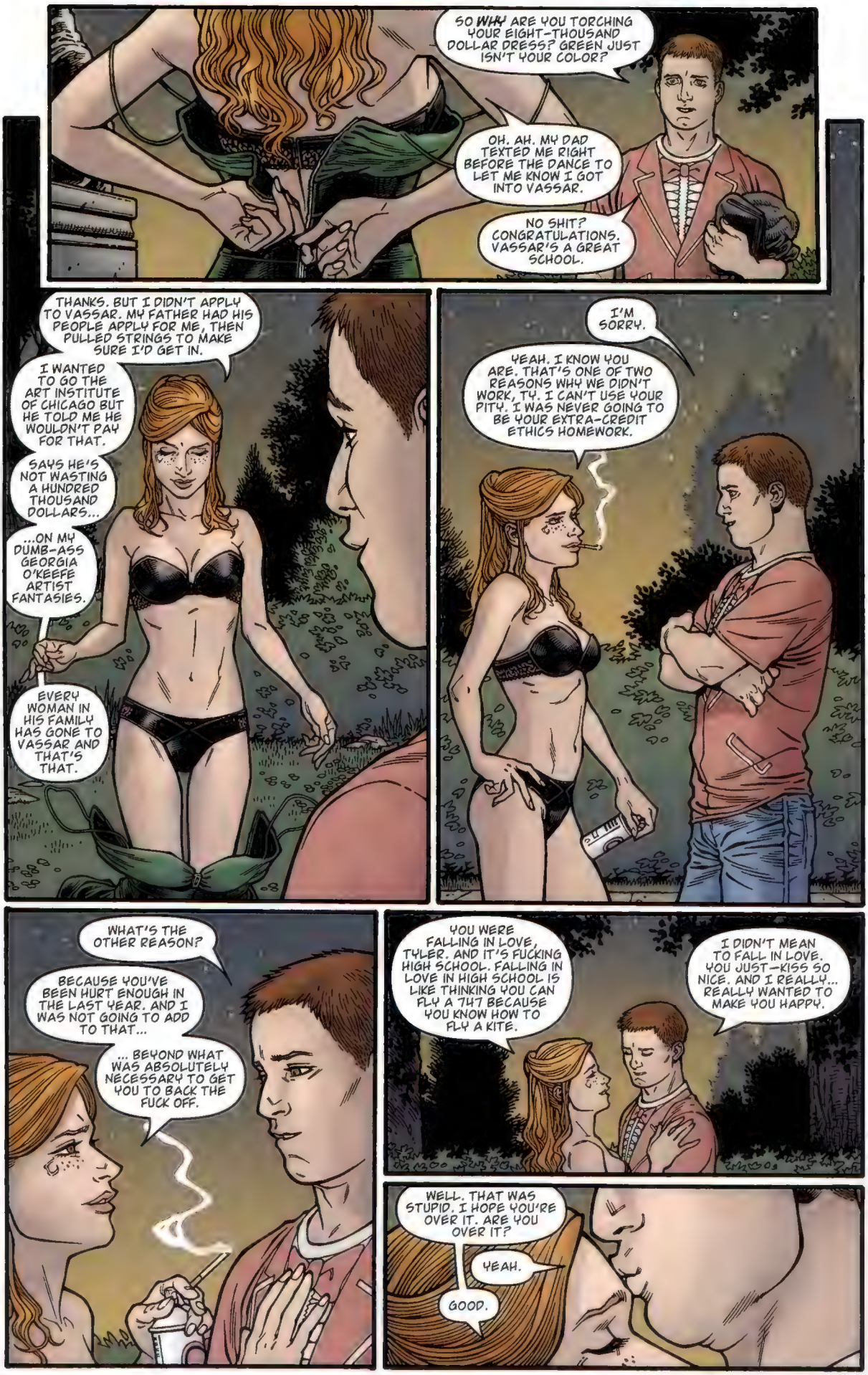
GO ON. BE CYNICAL.
BUT THAT SHIRT IS A GUARANTEED CHICK MAGNET. BRA STRAPS WILL POP AND PANTIES WILL FALL IN THE PRESENCE OF THAT THING. IF I WAS STRAIGHT, I'D NEVER TAKE IT OFF.
IF I HAD SHAME, I'D NEVER PUT IT ON.
I'LL GO DOWN THERE, BUT I'M NOT PROMISING I'LL GO IN. I DON'T KNOW IF I HAVE THE BALLS TO BE SEEN LIKE THIS.
MAYBE I'LL DO THE SMART THING AND STICK TO THE SHADOWS.

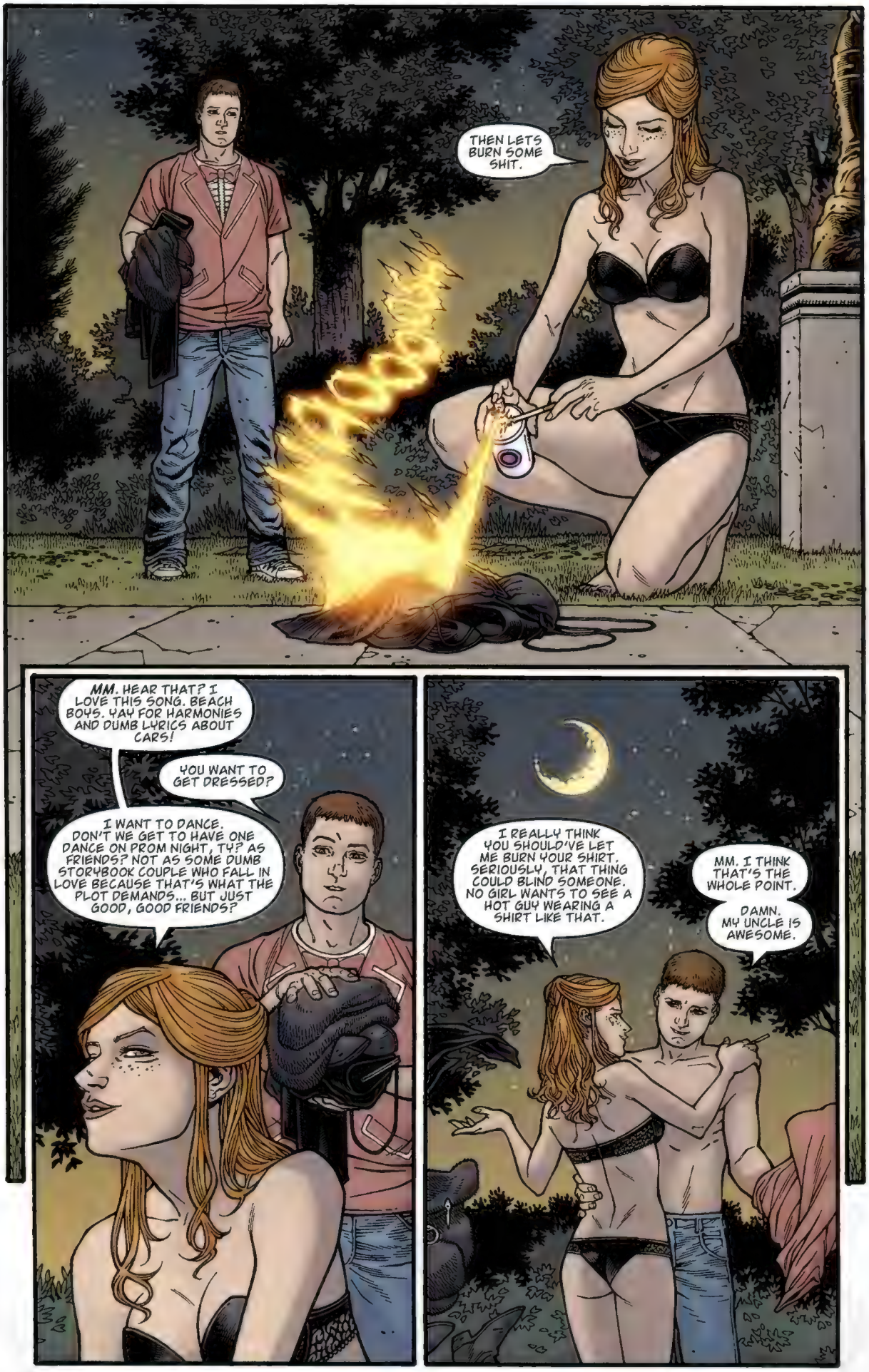
CLAC!

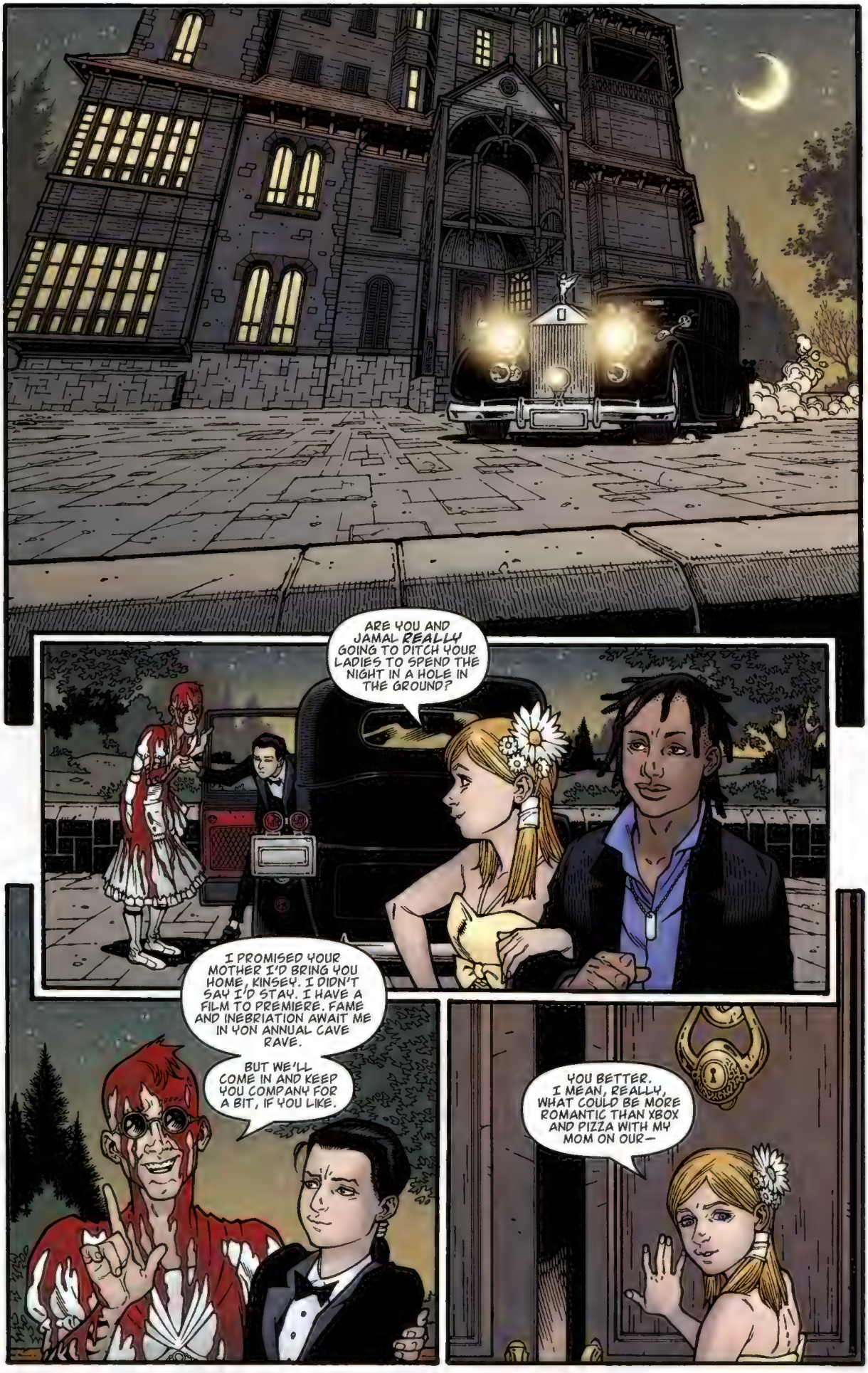

WE LOOK DAMN FINE.
TOO FINE TO BE STANDING HERE WITHOUT OUR DATES. THE HELL THEY GO?
HELLO? HELLO?
SQWKKKK-NNK
I JUST WANT TO THANK YOU—I WANT TO THANK YOU ALL—
—I AM SO PROUD—PROUD TO BE YOUR HOMECOMING QUEEN—

SCOT IS HOMECOMING QUEEN?
LOVECRAFT ACADEMY HAS A HOMECOMING QUEEN?
EEEEEEEEEEEE!
EEEEEEEEEEEE!
WELL PLAYED.
THANKS. SOMETIMES I FEEL LIKE NO ONE GETS US, THOUGH.
ISN'T THAT OUR LOT IN LIFE, THOUGH? PEARLS AND SWINE, MATE. PEARLS AND SWINE.

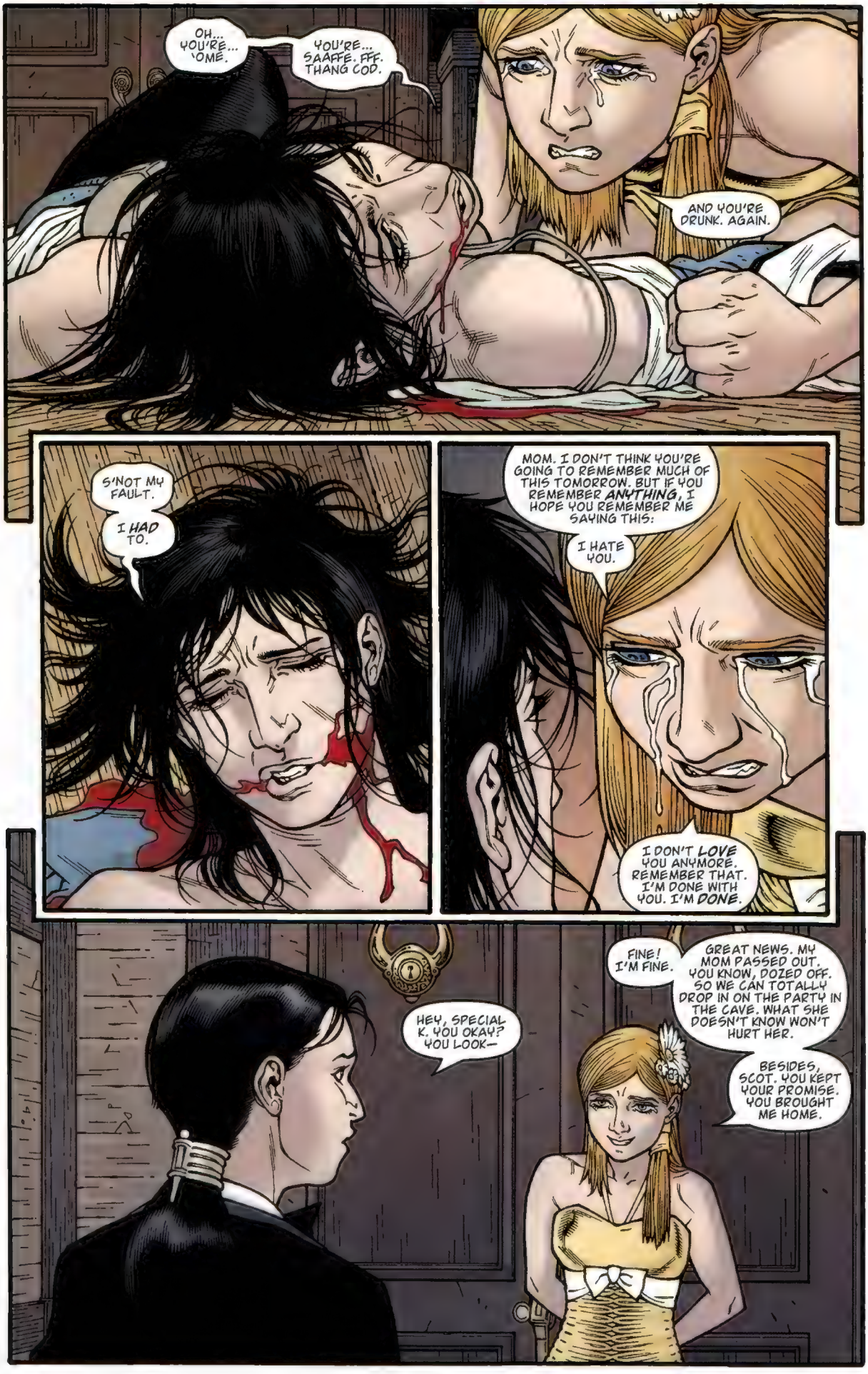

DANCE AIN'T OVER YET. I CAN STILL HEAR THE MUSIC. WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' OUT HERE, JORDAN GATES?
YOU DON'T WANT TO KNOW.
TRY ME.
WANNA GUESS HOW MUCH THIS DRESS COST? EIGHT GRAND. IT'S ITALIAN. MY FATHER BOUGHT IT FOR ME WHILE HE WAS IN MILAN WITH HIS GIRLFRIEND.
YOU LOOK... FUCKIN' HEART-STOPPING. IT'S A BEAUTIFUL DRESS. WORTH EVERY DIME.
THANKS. I WAS GONNA SLIP OUT OF IT AND BURN IT. SEND HIM THE ASHES.
I COULD BURN YOUR SHIRT WHILE I'M AT IT. IN THE INTEREST OF PRESERVING YOUR LAST SHREDS OF DIGNITY.
I DON'T THINK THE SHREDS THAT ARE LEFT ARE WORTH SAVING. BESIDES, IT WAS A GIFT.
OH, TYLER. WHAT AM I GOING TO DO WITH YOU? IN THE FUTURE, WHEN A PRETTY GIRL ASKS YOU TO GET OUT OF YOUR SHIRT, DON'T MAKE IT INTO A DEBATE.
HERE. HOLD THESE. THIS IS AS GOOD A PLACE AS ANY TO TORCH SHIT. NO CHANCE OF ANYTHING IMPORTANT ACCIDENTALLY CATCHING FIRE.


SO WHY ARE YOU TORCHING YOUR EIGHT-THOUSAND DOLLAR DRESS? GREEN JUST ISN'T YOUR COLOR?
OH. AH. MY DAD TEXTED ME RIGHT BEFORE THE DANCE TO LET ME KNOW I GOT INTO VASSAR.
NO SHIT? CONGRATULATIONS. VASSAR'S A GREAT SCHOOL.
THANKS. BUT I DIDN'T APPLY TO VASSAR. MY FATHER HAD HIS PEOPLE APPLY FOR ME, THEN PULLED STRINGS TO MAKE SURE I'D GET IN.
I WANTED TO GO THE ART INSTITUTE OF CHICAGO BUT HE TOLD ME HE WOULDN'T PAY FOR THAT.
SAYS HE'S NOT WASTING A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS...
...ON MY DUMB-ASS GEORGIA O'KEEFE ARTIST FANTASIES.
EVERY WOMAN IN HIS FAMILY HAS GONE TO VASSAR AND THAT'S THAT.
I'M SORRY.
YEAH. I KNOW YOU ARE. THAT'S ONE OF TWO REASONS WHY WE DIDN'T WORK, TY. I CAN'T USE YOUR PITY. I WAS NEVER GOING TO BE YOUR EXTRA-CREDIT ETHICS HOMEWORK.
WHAT'S THE OTHER REASON?
BECAUSE YOU'VE BEEN HURT ENOUGH IN THE LAST YEAR. AND I WAS NOT GOING TO ADD TO THAT...
... BEYOND WHAT WAS ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY TO GET YOU TO BACK THE FUCK OFF.
YOU WERE FALLING IN LOVE, TYLER. AND IT'S FUCKING HIGH SCHOOL. FALLING IN LOVE IN HIGH SCHOOL IS LIKE THINKING YOU CAN FLY A 747 BECAUSE YOU KNOW HOW TO FLY A KITE.
I DIDN'T MEAN TO FALL IN LOVE. YOU JUST—KISS SO NICE. AND I REALLY... REALLY WANTED TO MAKE YOU HAPPY.
WELL. THAT WAS STUPID. I HOPE YOU'RE OVER IT. ARE YOU OVER IT?
YEAH.
GOOD.

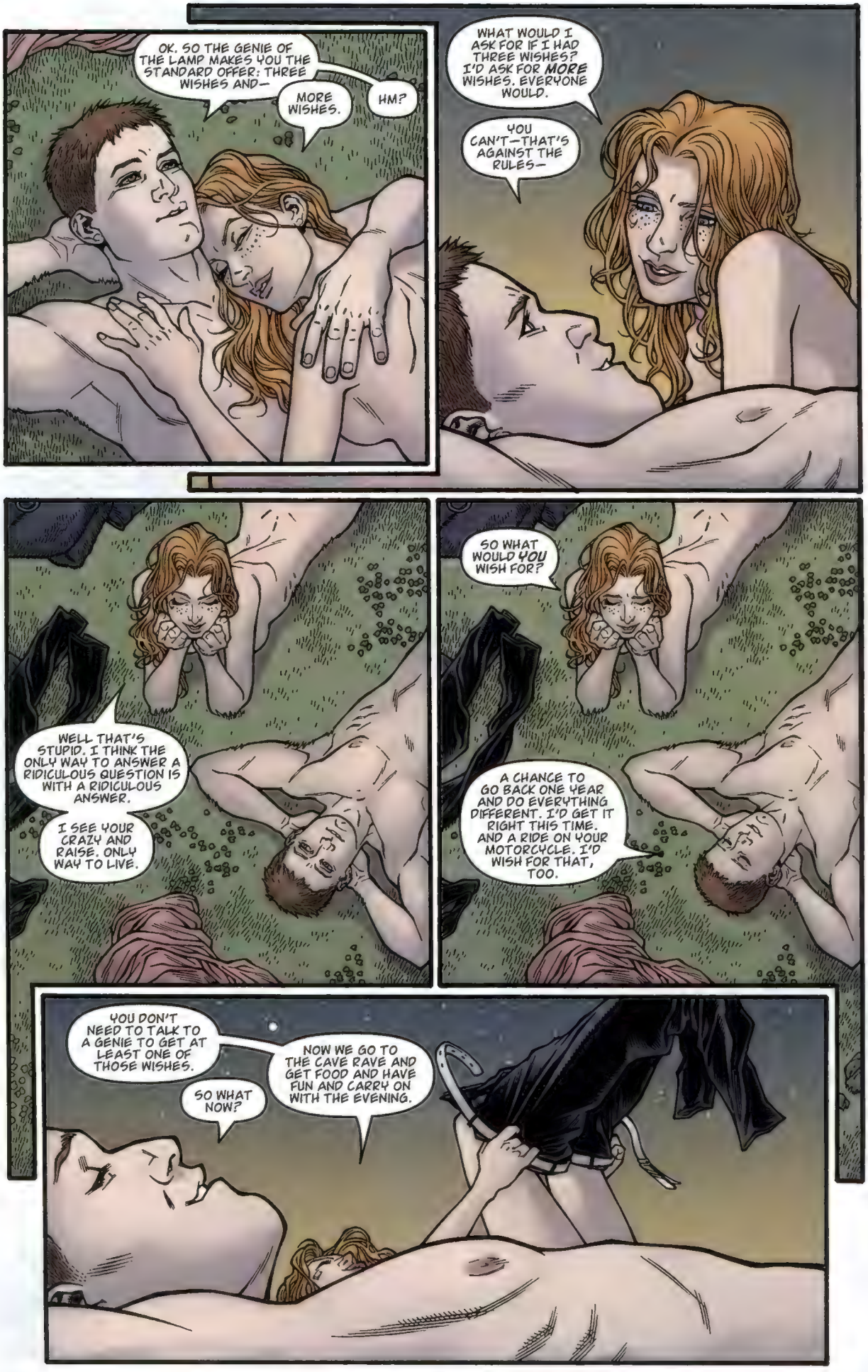

THEN LETS BURN SOME SHIT.
MM. HEAR THAT? I LOVE THIS SONG. BEACH BOYS. YAY FOR HARMONIES AND DUMB LYRICS ABOUT CARS!
YOU WANT TO GET DRESSED?
I WANT TO DANCE. DON'T WE GET TO HAVE ONE DANCE ON PROM NIGHT, TY? AS FRIENDS? NOT AS SOME DUMB STORYBOOK COUPLE WHO FALL IN LOVE BECAUSE THAT'S WHAT THE PLOT DEMANDS... BUT JUST GOOD, GOOD FRIENDS?
I REALLY THINK YOU SHOULD'VE LET ME BURN YOUR SHIRT. SERIOUSLY, THAT THING COULD BLIND SOMEONE. NO GIRL WANTS TO SEE A HOT GUY WEARING A SHIRT LIKE THAT.
MM. I THINK THAT'S THE WHOLE POINT.
DAMN. MY UNCLE IS AWESOME.

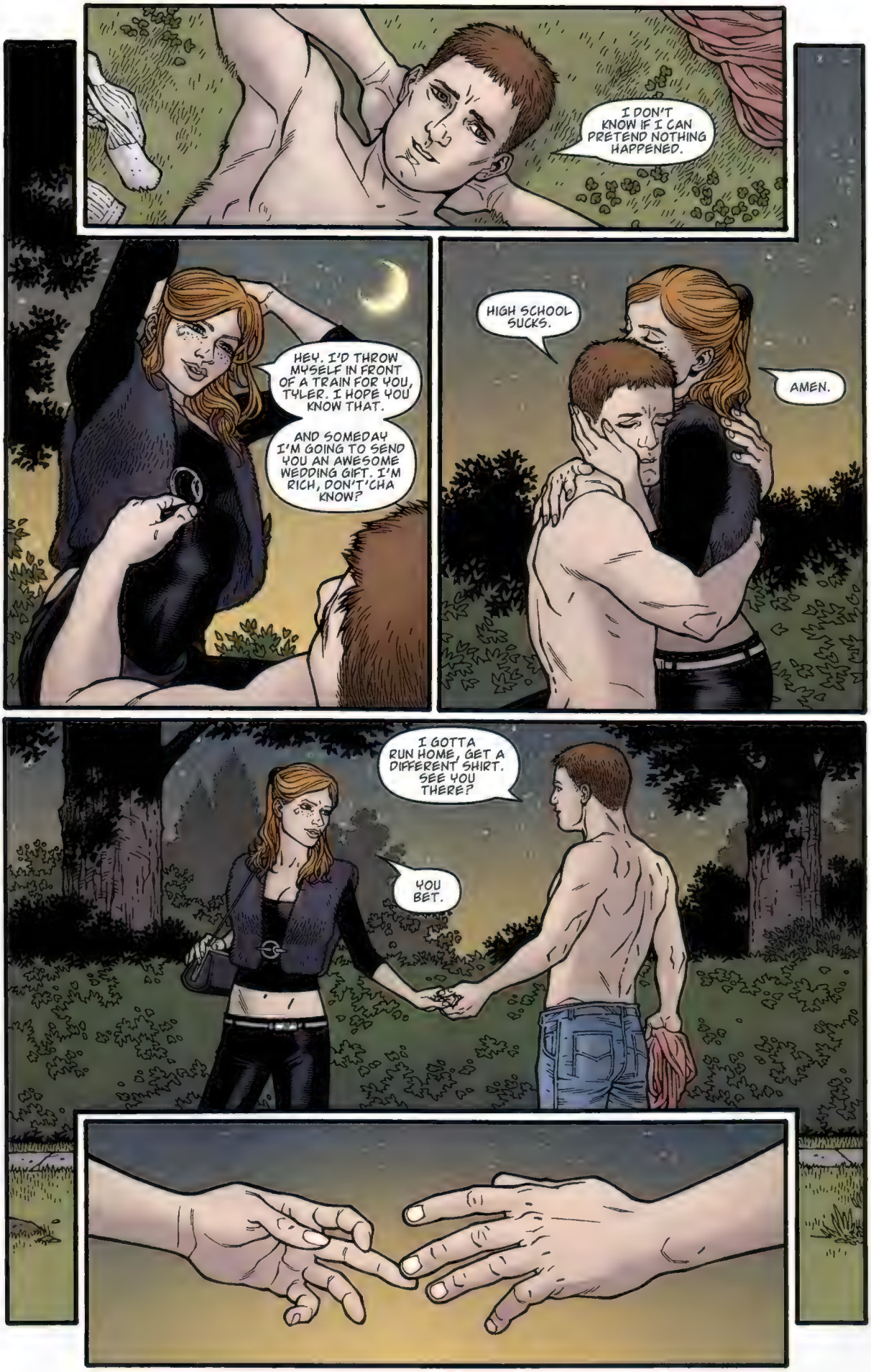

ARE YOU AND JAMAL REALLY GOING TO DITCH YOUR LADIES TO SPEND THE NIGHT IN A HOLE IN THE GROUND?
I PROMISED YOUR MOTHER I'D BRING YOU HOME, KINSEY. I DIDN'T SAY I'D STAY. I HAVE A FILM TO PREMIERE. FAME AND INEBRIATION AWAIT ME IN YON ANNUAL CAVE RAVE.
BUT WE'LL COME IN AND KEEP YOU COMPANY FOR A BIT, IF YOU LIKE.
YOU BETTER. I MEAN, REALLY, WHAT COULD BE MORE ROMANTIC THAN XBOX AND PIZZA WITH MY MOM ON OUR—

HEY, GUYS. HANG OUT HERE FOR A MINUTE. I JUST WANT TO TALK TO MY MOM ABOUT... STUFF.
Alcoholics Anonymous


OH... YOU'RE... 'OME.
YOU'RE... SAAFFE. FFF. THANG COD.
AND YOU'RE DRUNK. AGAIN.
S'NOT MY FAULT.
I HAD TO.
MOM. I DON'T THINK YOU'RE GOING TO REMEMBER MUCH OF THIS TOMORROW. BUT IF YOU REMEMBER ANYTHING, I HOPE YOU REMEMBER ME SAYING THIS:
I HATE YOU.
I DON'T LOVE YOU ANYMORE. REMEMBER THAT. I'M DONE WITH YOU. I'M DONE.
HEY, SPECIAL K. YOU OKAY? YOU LOOK—
FINE! I'M FINE.
GREAT NEWS. MY MOM PASSED OUT. YOU KNOW, DOZED OFF. SO WE CAN TOTALLY DROP IN ON THE PARTY IN THE CAVE. WHAT SHE DOESN'T KNOW WON'T HURT HER.
BESIDES, SCOT. YOU KEPT YOUR PROMISE. YOU BROUGHT ME HOME.

I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THIS. SCOT AND I TOLD YOUR MOM—
LET'S JUST TAKE OFF. I DON'T WANT YOU TO GO INSIDE. PLEASE?
PLEASE, JAMAL, DON'T GO INSIDE.
I JUST WANT TO GO.


OK. SO THE GENIE OF THE LAMP MAKES YOU THE STANDARD OFFER: THREE WISHES AND—
MORE WISHES.
HM?
WHAT WOULD I ASK FOR IF I HAD THREE WISHES? I'D ASK FOR MORE WISHES. EVERYONE WOULD.
YOU CAN'T—THAT'S AGAINST THE RULES—
WELL THAT'S STUPID. I THINK THE ONLY WAY TO ANSWER A RIDICULOUS QUESTION IS WITH A RIDICULOUS ANSWER.
I SEE YOUR CRAZY AND RAISE. ONLY WAY TO LIVE.
SO WHAT WOULD YOU WISH FOR?
A CHANCE TO GO BACK ONE YEAR AND DO EVERYTHING DIFFERENT. I'D GET IT RIGHT THIS TIME. AND A RIDE ON YOUR MOTORCYCLE. I'D WISH FOR THAT, TOO.
YOU DON'T NEED TO TALK TO A GENIE TO GET AT LEAST ONE OF THOSE WISHES.
SO WHAT NOW?
NOW WE GO TO THE CAVE RAVE AND GET FOOD AND HAVE FUN AND CARRY ON WITH THE EVENING.


I DON'T KNOW IF I CAN PRETEND NOTHING HAPPENED.
HEY. I'D THROW MYSELF IN FRONT OF A TRAIN FOR YOU, TYLER. I HOPE YOU KNOW THAT.
AND SOMEDAY I'M GOING TO SEND YOU AN AWESOME WEDDING GIFT. I'M RICH, DON'T'CHA KNOW?
HIGH SCHOOL SUCKS.
AMEN.
I GOTTA RUN HOME, GET A DIFFERENT SHIRT. SEE YOU THERE?
YOU BET.

JESUS, IT'S FACKIN' DARK. WHERE'D I LEAVE THAT OTHER SHIRT...
CLC

ΩMEGA

CHAPTER THREE - LAST DANCE

Editor: **CHRIS RYALL** • Letterer: **ROBBIE ROBBINS** • Colorist: **JAY FOTOS**

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LOCKE & KEY created by Joe Hill & Gabriel Rodriguez

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S1

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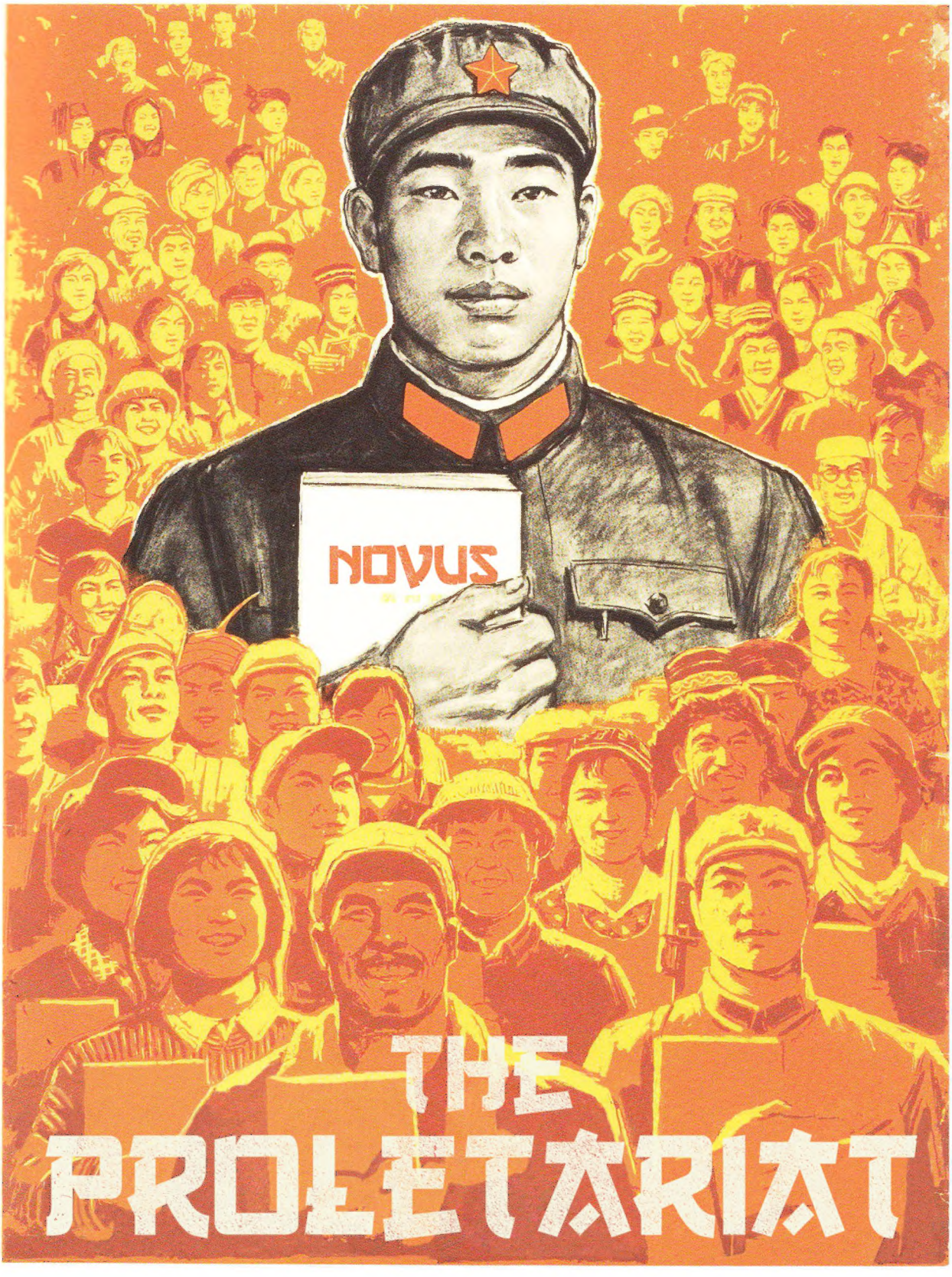
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